Angels

Project Pitchfork

We're standing on a hill
You and me
Touched by god
Love is our armory
Love is our armoryYou hold my hand
Lights from above
Flowers around us
They bow for our loveBirds are singing
In the sky
Give me your hand
We have to go
Into the wastelandWe are the last defenders
Our wings spread wide
You pressed my hand
Our fate is to fightThey can`t tear us apart
The sky is fading to grey
Tears in our eyes
Tears in our eyesWe are walking over skeletons
We are praying for another day
We are passing recent battlefields
Our love can't force this storm away

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